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Mary A. Knows

1913







HISTORY  
OF THE  
WELD FAMILY,  
FROM  
1632 TO 1878,

WRITTEN BY  
Mrs. Charlotte Weld Fowler,

AT THE ADVANCED AGE OF 86.



MIDDLETOWN, CONN.  
Pelton & King, Steam Printers and Book-Binders.  
1879.





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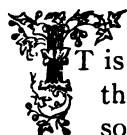
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## THE WELD FAMILY.



Dear Friends :



It is not for my own pleasure that I have undertaken this arduous task, farther than to gratify my young solicitors. However, I will give an accurate account as far back as my knowledge extends, and all I can gather from others.

Rev. Thomas Weld was the first Weld that ever crossed the water to the shores of America. He came from England on board the ship William Francis, June 5th, 1632, and landed at Boston, Mass. Joseph Weld, his brother, came the following year. They settled in Roxbury, Mass.

Rev. Thomas Weld was settled over the church in Roxbury the same year he came from England. In 1648 Joseph Weld's daughter Mary married Daniel Harris of Middletown, Conn.

My next information is that my great grandfather, Daniel Weld, married Miss Mary Warren, sister to Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell in battle at Bunker Hill. From report, I imagine Miss Mary was a superior girl, and at length very beautifully filled the place of a married woman. I have often been told that my great-grandmother Weld was an accomplished lady, which I am pleased to know ; for I consider those that merit the appellation of lady and gentleman are people worthy of much respect and honor, and will ever command it. My great-grandfather, Daniel Weld, resided a while after marriage in Long Meadow, Mass., then went to Durham, Conn., and there lived and died.

His son Samuel remained at the same place, and for many years kept a country tavern, so called. He was father of Mrs. Hannah Saxton Baldwin, who was highly esteemed by us all.

Oh, how plainly I remember going to Durham when Cousin Hannah was a young lady. Father and mother went to Chatham to consult Dr. Bartlet about falling sickness fits, he being the only physician that claimed to understand the complaint in those days, and my brother George lay in a fit forty-eight hours, while mine continued but twenty-four. He never had but the one fit, though mine were loth to leave me, and followed me up for several years; so they took me along, and though I was not much past three years old, there are many circumstances as fresh in my mind as if they had recently taken place. The doctor wanted to feel my pulse and see my tongue, but that I would not allow, and to quiet me I was taken out into the orchard to get apples, and I never saw two such large piles of apples before or since. I can see exactly how beautiful those red apples did look, and I was told to take all I wanted.

But I am ahead of my story, and must go back to Guilford, (up Crooked Lane to the Long House, where we then lived, and started from).

In those ancient days there was no livery stable in Guilford, and people that owned no horses were often troubled to get one, but old Uncle Lott Benton, so called, offered father his horse and carriage, which was considered quite remarkable, and it surely was a great accommodation. The old gentleman was very singular.

Never shall I forget the morning we started from the old Long House in Guilford. I was so elated I wanted no breakfast, and it seemed a long time before father came with the carriage. It was a beautiful bright morning, and as we went out to go the sun shone so brilliantly on Captain Abraham Fowler's windows that it resembled fire to me, but the carriage was first in my estimation, and when I was lifted into it no mortal could be happier. Well, we started for Durham, were to stop over night at Cousin

Samuel Weld's, keeper of the tavern, and we arrived there at evening twilight. Oh, how frightened I was in the morning to find myself in bed alone, and I tuned up my crying, which soon brought up mammy,—as I was then taught to say,—and Cousin Hannah, and she took my new muslin frock on the handle of a broom, and held it up to the wall, saying I couldn't have it any more. Supposing she meant as she said, I cried to the top of my voice, thinking I had lost my new frock, gotten for the occasion, and down it came with many apologies from Cousin Hannah, and I was all right.

The Welds came from Durham, Granville and Granby in summer time to enjoy the sea air, and there being but two taverns in the place, Uncle Medad Stone's and Mr. Roswell Woodward's, the cousins objected to the crowd at the taverns, so called, and always stopped at Grandfather Weld's, who was no less glad to entertain them.

There was grandmammy, as we called her, as neat as a nice cap and white apron could make her look, and in cooking she could not be excelled; while her three daughters, Beulah, Anna and Sally, were always in readiness to entertain all friends that came, and sweetly enjoyed the task. In short, it was a happy household. When I was a little girl, and taken there to pass a day, I thought Paradise could have been no more lovely than it was there.

But, alas, how changed! No gran'daddy's now to go to; no Weld cousins to visit in Durham and the other named places,—nothing that resembles those bygone days. Great changes! The Durham place has gone into other hands, was known for many years as the Swathel Hotel, instead of the Country Tavern, and all former seemings are unfamiliar, lonely and sad.

But I must return to the Weld road. I never heard of my great grand parents having but the two children, Daniel and Joseph. Daniel Weld married Miss Elizabeth Starr, which accounts for the Guilford Starrs claiming relation with our family. I well remember when I was small, Miss Sally Starr often came to our house as a relation, but I never understood the point until recently. I'd

~~like~~ like to see such attention to distant relatives at this wild day. A family friend now-a-days is of no sort of consequence, unless there is plenty of means to make a fashionable splurge, etc. If I am mistaken, please excuse the error, but thus the generality of the world appears to me. What could I do if my relatives were of that stamp? Family affection has ever been considered a Weld trait, which I am happy to know.

I will now give the names of Daniel Weld's children:

Mary,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 9th, 1747.
Phineas,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Nov. 23d, 1748; died 1749.
Hannah,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Jan. 27th, 1751.
Sarah,	-	-	-	-	-	Born March 20th, 1753.
Elizabeth,	-	-	-	-	-	Born May 25th, 1754.
Samuel,	-	-	-	-	-	Born March 10th, 1757.
Anna,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Feb. 21st, 1758.
Olive,	-	-	-	-	-	Born May 2d, 1770.

Olive married Dr. Lyman Norton of Durham, Conn. They had two children, Adelia and Stephen. Parents and children were perfectly united; more affection could not be manifested, though a stranger would pronounce it mixed with severe cruelty. For instance, when Steeve was a little boy, his mother always kept a large patch on the inside of his pants, and broke little twigs of birch or willow to prevent wearing holes in the knees of his trousers. But it was all understood, causing no hard feelings, but such like was their discipline. If the little fellow made a mistake when playing with his top, and got on his knees, he would spring up with a hearty laugh, saying the old sticks are pretty sharp to-day, etc., etc. I have no more information to give of my Grandfather Weld's brother's family.

I will now speak of my dignified grandfather, Joseph Weld. He was educated and served his apprenticeship in Boston, Mass., and was a weaver by trade. He went to Guilford, Conn., and there carried on the business quite extensively for such a monotonous place as Guilford then was. He soon became a favorite with all who knew him, especially with his young associates, who called him the young Bostonian, and spared no pains to initiate him into

their society. At length he became acquainted with Miss Lucy Fowler, daughter of the great landholder, so called, Ebenezer Fowler. His acquaintance shortly became an attachment, and he had the good fortune to obtain the little model housekeeper for his well beloved wife. No Guilford youngster could rival the young Bostonian. No, indeed! Joseph was the man for Lucy. I have heard they were quite a distinguished couple in the town of Guilford. Grandmother's sister, old Aunt Lizzy Fowler, told us these things, and as this writing is intended to inform the late generations of some of their ancestors,—especially my step-brothers and sisters,—I feel at liberty to state many trifling incidents which otherwise they would never know.

Now if the pains I am taking afford the least gratification to a friend I have, I shall be sweetly rewarded. It is no trifling task to collect and record so many generations and the separate families and even individuals, and of course it makes great demands on a person at the age of eighty-six years.

Names of Grandfather Weld's children :

Lucy Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 19th, 1751.
Beulah,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Sept. 5th, 1753.
Joseph,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 26th, 1764.
Anna,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 12th, 1766.
Edmund,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Dec. 11th, 1768.
William,	-	-	-	-	-	Born May 27th, 1770.
Sally,	-	-	-	-	-	Born April 7th, 1773.
Daniel,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Sept. 23d, 1776.

Lucy died at the age of twenty-seven years with the old-fashioned consumption.

Beulah died at an advanced age in 1847; was never married.

Dear old auntie went down cellar to hang up her basket of cake, as was her usual custom after a meal, and in stepping down from the chair fell and broke her bones. She was unable to get up without assistance, and lived about a week.

Joseph moved his family to Bloomfield, N. Y., and died there. I do not know his age. He was quite an influential



man there, was deacon of a congregational church, etc. Anna was quite an old maid, but finally thought she would get married, and as Mr. Nathan Willcox (a widower, with one bright little girl), presented himself, she married him. They lived happily together to a good age, and had one child, Eliza Ann by name. She also married a widower, Mr. William Griswold of Killingworth.

Edmund married when young. His wife died younger than himself. He died in 1840, at the age of seventy years, leaving a second wife to mourn his loss.

William went to Paris, N. Y., when young. He married Miss Clarissa Gillett. They had two children, Fowler and Clarissa.

Sally was never married. She lived to an advanced age. She was helpless some years with palsy and broken bones, but had tender care from brother Edmund and wife, which was a great consolation to her.

Daniel married Miss Submit Rosseter of North Guilford. I shall speak more particularly of their family before closing this writing.

Uncle Joseph Weld married Miss Sarah Parmelee, daughter of Reuben, who resided at Nut Plains, a few miles from the village of Guilford. Melinda, their oldest child, married Mr. Joseph Annin after they moved from Guilford. Both died in Le Roy, N. Y. I only know of their having but one child. I saw the account of his graduating at college. His name was William Le Roy Annin. In short, I knew but little about uncle's family after they left Guilford, though very intimate before. Russell, the second child, was scalded to death when a babe. The second Russell bled to death at the nose. All skill was baffled; the blood could not be checked. I think he lived two years.

John, a darling little fellow, lived twelve years, though he had turns of bleeding very often; but by careful watching and not allowing him to play with little boys or have much exercise, he would sometimes escape a turn of bleeding several months. Whenever he was taken bleeding, the word was immediately sent for the Aunts Beulah

and Sally to come directly round, for John was bleeding. The next thing to be done was to get down the great cradle, which he always called for as soon as his nose began to bleed. In short, the old big cradle seemed all the comfort the little fellow could enjoy. Little Johnie was a real pet in the surrounding families. He was a placid child, which was a great favor, for correction was out of the question, as crying was sure to cause bleeding. When he escaped a few months, high hopes were entertained that he would outgrow the disease. But at length the doleful sound came that John was bleeding, and, as usual, the neighborhood was in great excitement. John Weld was bleeding again. He lay several days with a sheet at his nose, for nothing smaller was of any account. Every remedy was faithfully tried, but all in vain; there he lay as white as the pillow, and nothing could be done by the numerous friends that stood around his cradle, but keep a dry spot of the sheet at his nose. For some hours it was difficult to discern that he breathed, and there he lay and died without a struggle or a groan. He was the age of my brother James, and was allowed to come and be with him, knowing that we should see to him. In that way I became greatly attached to the little invalid cousin.

Mary Weld was two years old when uncle moved from Guilford. Sarah was born afterwards. I never saw her, nor do I know where she is.

Oh, how much pleasure I have taken at Uncle Joe's, as we called him; they all seemed fond of my being there, and I often went home from school with Melinda. One day when I staid to tea, I cut my pie with a spoon, (I presume without any mercy on the spoon), and uncle looked at me very earnestly, saying, "Lottie, take your knife; you'll break the spoon." Oh, mercy! thought I, Uncle Joe will never like me again. Besides I was very much ashamed to be corrected at the tea table, away from home. At all events, I wanted no more pie that night. The dog was welcome to my piece.

Mary Weld married the Hon. William H. Stanley of Cleveland, Ohio. He was cashier of a Cleveland bank

many years, and is an excellent man, but I fear he will never do any more business, having been totally blind for several years,—a serious calamity that pen cannot describe. I understand that Mrs. Stanley is afflicted with rheumatism, and sometimes confined to her bed, but with their trials their mercies are numerous. Yes, indeed. They are surrounded with kind children, which is one of the great blessings. However, they are worthy of much sympathy from all their friends.

I will now record the names of Mary Weld Stanley's children :

James Henry married Miss Annie Mary Tuttle, Cleveland, Ohio.

William Pomeroy married Miss Helen Maria Brace, Hartford, Conn.

Edward Conway married Miss Emily Louisa Harbeck, Cleveland, Ohio.

Isabella Maria married Mr. Henry P. B. Jewett, Boston, Mass.

Catharine Hemans married Mr. William H. Keith, Cleveland, Ohio. He died in 1870, aged 42 years.

Mary Caroline married Mr. William H. Huntington, Cleveland, Ohio.

Martha Weld, not yet married.

Alice Maud married Mr. William C. M. Owen. I do not know his native place.

Oh, how lovely for Mr. and Mrs. Stanley to be thus surrounded by kind children when in the decline of life, together with the severe trial. It must be a great consolation to receive daily attention from their children. Indeed, it is a sweet privilege, but seldom granted.

Several years ago I had an agreeable visit at Mr. Stanley's, in Cleveland, O., and received all the attention I could desire, and more than I deserved. Cousin Martha never failed giving me a carriage ride every day that the weather allowed, which is the cause of my still bearing her so vividly in my mind.

But to think of the change since those pleasant days makes me sad. A few miles from Cleveland I then had a dear brother and sister, both happy in their families, and striving to make my visit pleasant. Now they are resting in their graves, where they were soon followed by their partners and several children. Such changes when brought to mind are sure to cause gloomy thoughts and lonely feelings. But such is to be expected as we

travel through this beautiful but iniquitous world. True happiness cannot be obtained while here below ; though we sometimes think such an one is void of trouble, yet it is not so. But I do know that some have a greater degree than others.

I declare I have strayed away entirely from my work, but will now turn my attention to my dear parents.

Edmund Weld and Charlotte Stone were joined in holy matrimony, by Rev. Amos Fowler, in Guilford, Conn. A happier couple were never united. My mother being a great favorite of a wealthy uncle in Philadelphia, after several solicitations to go there, she accepted, as the uncle and aunt supposed, a permanent home. But, greatly to their surprise, as soon as she graduated, she was very anxious to return to Guilford. All persuasion was useless. To Guilford the girl must go, sacrificing wealth and the splendor of city life for the quiet town of Guilford. Her friends received her back with joyful hearts, and her young associates were inexpressibly happy in her unexpected return, but, girl fashion, could not refrain from an occasional joke, telling her she came back to see that little Edmund Weld, the great singer. It was too true for contradiction, so the jokes ended. Truth is its own witness, and exacts ready assent. He might truly have been called the great singer, for he was but seventeen years old when he led the choir in the three-story building that stood on Guilford Green. Some called it the old temple, others the three-decker ; at all events it was a monstrous building, and the fore seat, as it was called the singers' seat, extended around that spacious gallery, except at the pulpit side. With no instrument to lead as in these days, and with sixty or seventy voices made to blend, required a lad above the mediocrity of youngsters at seventeen to keep the four parts together and have them harmonize. But aside from boasting, I have been told he performed the task in a wonderful manner, and his voice was excellent. Of course, having Miss Charlotte Stone for his treble leader was a great stimulant as well as assistance. Her return is obvious.

I well remember the steeple of the old Temple being

struck by lightning in a terrific thunder storm one Sunday night. Next morning father went to the door and quickly returned to have us children see the meeting-house without a steeple. Hundreds gathered around to see the strange sight. But it was soon repaired.

In those back days there was not a piano in the town of Guilford, and I have heard the aunts say that the winter after father and mother were married the young people gathered at their house evenings,—the same as in these days when there is instrumental music,—to listen to their songs and musical voices. Many are the times I have heard father say that mother's voice was as soft and musical as a flute, but when the two little children died her voice died with them. She seldom was heard to sing after their death, except to a babe, though gay before. For years after their death, whenever she heard a meadow lark sing, tears would stream down her cheeks, it reminded her so forcibly of little Lucy Ann. The beautiful lark seated in the great old pear tree in front of the long house every morning, and the little child crept to the door, and every time the bird sang she mocked it, thinking it said "can't see me." Oh, how long such trifling events dwell in the mind of a fond mother! Delicate and tender were the feelings of my dear mother, who for several years was a great sufferer from a strange disease which could not be arrested, though father spared no pains for her recovery. A happier couple could not be found in the wide world, for I have never seen even a frown from one to the other in my seventeen years. In short, they were perfectly united in the bonds of affection. Names of their children:

George Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	Born June 8th, 1791.
Charlotte,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Jan. 22d, 1793.
Lucy Ann,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Nov. 15th, 1794.
Mary Adcock,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Sept. 20th, 1795.
James William,	-	-	-	-	-	Born June 17th, 1798.
Richard,	-	-	-	-	-	Born June 20th, 1800.
Henry,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 7th, 1802.
Harvey Stone,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 29th, 1804.
2d Lucy Ann,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Aug. 23d, 1806.
2d Mary,	-	-	-	-	-	Born March 23d, 1809.

Now comes my first sorrow to relate. In 1810 my blessed mother died, leaving eight children, seven at home, the youngest a nursing babe. Never can I forget those days of sorrow and hardship. Though I had done the work of the family two years previous, it was very different, having no tender mother to notice when I was tired out, and tell me to sit down, which every rational person knows is a great help to a young girl. Besides, when I could not quiet the babe there was no one that could,—no dear mother. In short, the loss of my dear mother had so affected me that I was scarcely able to sit up. Still the work must be done for eight in family, and the babe to wean from its dead mother. My tears would not float a vessel, but were very plenty. It often seemed impossible to get through the day, but there was no alternative. In those days hired help was out of the question; it could not be obtained there. There was not an Irish girl in the town of Guilford, and but two or three colored women. Aunt Hill claimed Phillis, and Aunt Stone wanted old Dilly in the tavern, and poor, old, worn-out Candace went here and there for accommodation to the public, sometimes washing and sometimes making wedding cake; at all events she was no help for us. However, with the natural affection I had for my little brothers and sisters, together with a big bump of resolution, I managed to make them all comfortable, and never hired but one washing. Sometimes when getting a meal, which must be on time for father, and the little creature would not be quieted with my little sister, three years old, I then thought I could not live, neither could I die. Some may imagine the kind aunts in the other part of the house rendered their assistance in those trying times, but it was not so, as they had their own promised work to do for their living. But in all my trials I had one sweet consolation, knowing that all I did gave peculiar satisfaction to my lonesome father. He never entered the house without giving me a salute of praise, and often said, “Why, Tot, there is no one could do as well as you with the children.” When he was from work he always helped in what I was doing, or kept the

baby quiet. The wonder is, how did I do it, having broken rest nights, and none at all days. The little creature worried for her mother more nights than days, and when I contrast those days of hardships with what girls do at this day, it seems altogether incredible, but it is without the least exaggeration as true as the Holy Bible, though now it seems to me impossible. But the responsibility was too great for a slender girl of seventeen.

In 1811 father was advised to go on to a farm at Black Rock, now called Rockland, for three years. The friend thought the four boys would make work light for father, and it would be an advantage. But it was an erroneous change. He never labored so hard with so little income, and at the expiration of the term moved back to Guilford, and there lived and died at the age of seventy years. He was a patient, happy man. While living at Black Rock he married Miss Mercy Nettleton. She had a family of nice children, who have all become respectable men and women, and treat me as kindly as my own brothers and sisters.

George Weld married Miss Mabel Fowler of North Guilford. They had four children:

George Leander Weld,	-	-	Born March 12th, 1814.
William Edwin,	-	-	Born Aug. 30th, 1815.
Clarissa Olivia,	-	-	Born June 5th, 1818.
Frederic Alonzo,	-	-	Born Feb. 1st, 1820,

Mabel was a faithful wife and tender mother. She was taken from her young family in the prime of life, and with high ambition. When a young, capable woman is taken from her fond family, and so many vagabonds spared, the mystery is too great for our weak comprehension; still, knowing God's ways are right and just, we must be submissive. George Weld was a highly favored man. At a suitable time he obtained a second wife that beautifully filled the place of the first. He selected Miss Mabel Loper, cousin to Mabel Fowler, both of North Guilford.

It makes me sad to record the death of the last wife, who starved to death about four years ago, and at the same time had an appetite keen enough to relish a hearty

meal. This she told me a few days before she died. The passage of her throat became entirely closed. Terrible to relate, and terrible for poor George to endure the scene as well as the sufferer. He is very lonely without her, though his children are attentive and kind. His time is divided with his three sons, who are handsomely settled in Guilford, Conn.

His son George Leander married Miss Sarah Bartlett. They have had three children.

Mary Bartlet Weld, - - - - - Born Oct. 27th. 1835.

(Was a promising little girl, but was taken from her fond friends at the age of ten years.)

George Weld, still living, } Twins, - - Born Jan. 3d, 1863.  
Joseph Weld, died in 1865, }

The second son of George Weld, William Edwin, married Miss Myrta M. Holcomb of Guilford. They have also had three children.

Jane Clarissa Weld was born Aug. 21st, 1841. She married Mr. Charles Shelton, a highly respected merchant in New Haven, where they reside. They are blessed with an interesting little girl, so I am told. I have never had the pleasure of seeing my little great-great-niece. Lillian Jennie is her beautiful name.

The second child of William Edwin Weld was Edwin Weld. I have lost his date. He recently married a nice young lady in New Haven, where they reside. I was introduced to my great-niece last summer in Guilford, and in those flying moments found her social and agreeable.

The third child, Julia Augusta Weld, was born Sept. 19th, 1860, and died October, 1860. The little creature only made a call in this evil world, and shortly took her flight to her heavenly home.

Clarissa Olivia Weld, only daughter of George Weld, died single at the age of seventeen years, with consumption. She was a lovely young lady, called away from friends in the bloom of youth. Another deep mystery. Hereafter these dark mysteries will be made plain to our understanding.



The last of George Weld's children, Captain Frederic Alonzo Weld, married Miss Mary D. Washburn of Sag Harbor, L. I. Following are the names of their children:

Frederic Floyd Weld married Miss Mary V. Crocket of New Haven. I never saw the lady, neither have I seen him since he was a babe, dressed in a long white frock, so called.

Elias Jones Weld was born April 1st, 1852, and died in 1855.

Captain Fred. followed the sea in former years, but now prefers land to water, and is settled down at his beautiful place in Guilford, a few steps from his brother William's, and only two miles from his brother George, which makes it easy of access to see his aged father when not with him. They have been very attentive children thus far, and not a favor has been conferred that has not been fully appreciated.

Charlotte Weld, born Jan. 22d, 1793, married Robert Fowler. Names of our children:

Theodore,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Oct. 12th, 1813.
Crayton Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Sept. 18th, 1815.
Charlotte Antoinette,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Dec. 14th, 1818.
Catharine Ianna,	-	-	-	-	-	Born April 2d, 1821.
Richard Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 14th, 1823.

Robert Fowler, my husband, died with lung fever in 1835, at the age of forty-two years. Theodore went West, and, having no tidings from him, I suppose he is dead.

Crayton Weld was drowned in Hartford, also was buried there.

Charlotte Antoinette is a model housekeeper in her own retired family.

Catharine just parted with her daughter, who is going to Japan. May she safely arrive in due course of steamer.

Richard died from disease contracted in the war.

Crayton W. Fowler married Miss Nancy S. Cooke of Hartford, Conn., and a delicious cook she is,—cannot be excelled. They have had three children. Mary Antoinette, a bright little girl and a remarkable scholar, died with protracted croup, aged five years and ten months.

Her teachers were deeply affected at her death, and, for a city, it was remarkable to see so much attention at a funeral. I will copy the lines that are on her gravestone :

Earth's fairest flowers will soon decay,  
Nor ever keep in bloom;  
So beauty, child, as fair as thine  
Doth find an early tomb.

But though so early called away  
From those who fondly love,  
'Twas Jesus' voice who bade thee go  
To dwell with Him above.

WILLIAM B.

Jerry Cooke Fowler was born two months after the death of his sister Mary. I do not know the dates.

Edgar Crayton Fowler, a fair blonde complexion and sweet little singer, was seized with a burning fever, which baffled the skill of several physicians, and he died at the early age of six years, leaving his brother a lonesome little fellow. He has now become a promising young man. He has a congenial wife and three very bright little children. They are living in Hartford, as comfortable as need be. Names of their children :

Julia Emily,	-	-	-	-	-	Born February, 1870.
Edgar Crayton,	-	-	-	-	-	Born August, 1872.
Richard William,	-	-	-	-	-	Born April, 1875.
Arthur Clifford,	-	-	-	-	-	Born 1878.

I take much pleasure in visiting the little creatures, seeing them perform their little innocent pranks, and hearing them talk in their own broken language. Julia calls herself a dress-maker, and Edgar thinks he is quite large enough to take care of little Dick, and altogether it is very amusing to see my great-grandchildren enjoying their pleasant homes.

Charlotte A. Fowler married Mr. William Blatchley. He is now all the son I have, but I can truly say he is three in one, relating to my little wants and comforts. In short, he has ever been very kind to me, and I am thankful that I am capable of appreciating the favors received. They have had but one child; Catharine Hallenbeck Blatchley is her name. She is unmarried, but a better

housekeeper than most married ladies at this foolish day of despising house-work. She was my first grandchild, and of course caused quite a sensation, and now is a great help to her mother, and ready to attend to my little concerns when called upon, and when I am real tired of writing she cheers me at the piano. When I came from Ohio in 1839, as Antoinette was my oldest daughter, my attachment became firmly placed on her, and she, knowing my life had been a checkered one, made up her mind never to leave me, and has ever since taken special interest in my welfare, which is a high point in the character of a child. We kept house awhile in Hartford, as comfortable and pleasant as need be desired, till at length Mr. William Blatchley made the marriage proposal, which she accepted, and they have made a pleasant home for me as well as for themselves from that day to this. They are rare children. It is now over thirty years that we four have lived together without a broken link, and it is a sweet privilege, as well as our bounden duty, to render thanks to our Heavenly Father for His kind protection and tender care.

In former years I have passed through severe trials, but the blessings I have since received are too numerous to record. But I will say the kind care I have received for more than thirty years is seldom met with.

Home is the place for real enjoyment. But while I am enjoying my pleasant home, my friends from abroad do not fail to cheer me with frequent presents and letters, which greatly add to my happiness, for I would sacrifice a meal for a letter with the greatest pleasure imaginable. I cannot omit speaking of a Christmas present I received from Mr. Harry Manley, my granddaughter Tip's intended husband, who is now at Yokohama, Japan. It was no less than a chest of the nicest kind of Japan tea. No reason had I to expect such a costly present, though no person could more fully appreciate the noble deed.

Catharine I. Fowler comes next to be spoken of. She has been blessed with two superior husbands, but was permitted to enjoy their society but a few short years. Captain John H. B. Ward of New York City was her first

companion, and a gentleman of high reputation wherever he was known. He lived but four years after their marriage, and left two children,—Alida Antoinette, two years and four months old, and Maria Berry, “Tip,” as we call her, nine months. Mr. Ward’s sudden death was a heavy blow to poor Kate. The trial seemed almost unbearable, but as time covers the grave of a friend with verdure, it also soothes the heart of a mourner, and at length she married Mr. David Myers. He was a fine man, and as kind to her two children as an own father could possibly be. But he lived only about nine years after they were married, and left two children, one seven years and eight months, the other nine or ten months old. He never saw the youngest, having entered the war before she was born, and never returned alive. He was shot at the battle of Antietam.

No sooner did his wife get the sad intelligence that he was wounded than she started to find him, hoping he might recover, but fearing she would not find him alive. After searching several hospitals and one old barn, she there received intelligence that he was taken from the barn the day before, and carried to a tailor’s shop, where she found him lying on what they call a cutting-board. The board was laid on two barrels, and there lay Capt. Myers on the bare board. He recognized Kate, but could not speak but once. He lived about four hours. But she derived much consolation in taking his remains home and placing them in Greenwood Cemetery, where she has passed many hours beside his grave. Names of their children :

Warren Frear Myers.

Marion Virginia Myers.

Little Warrie, as we called him, was a peculiar child. He had one trait that I greatly admire in young or old. He could not bear to have his word doubted. He came in from play one day, and repeated something a bad boy said in the street. His mother replied, “Why, Warrie Myers, I cannot believe it.” He turned his eyes upward and looked very earnestly, saying, “Now, God, don’t I tell

the truth? Mamma, He knows I do." There was something similar every day of his life. But the little fellow was called home at the early age of seven years and eight months. He passed his last school vacation with us in Hartford, and never seemed so lovely; everything was good and right. When he was playing in the yard and singing his anniversary hymns, the neighbors would leave their work and sit at their windows to listen to his singing. Since he died they have often spoken of it.

Marion V. Myers, the child that was a babe when her father was shot, is with her mother in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is twelve years old, is a fair scholar, and will soon be through school, and I trust be a comfort to her mother and friends, as she is very capable of so doing.

Alida Antoinette Ward married Mr. George A. Newman, a man devoted to his family and a thorough business man of the City of New York. He was partially a stranger to me before I visited there, at which time I was highly gratified in becoming acquainted with the said gentleman. In short, a queen should expect no more attention and kindness than I received at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Newman. Names of their children:

Belle Wallace,	-	-	-	-	Born April 21st, 1869.
George Irvin,	-	-	-	-	Born May 7th, 1871.
Alida Antoinette,	-	-	-	-	Born July 30th, 1873.
Mary Elizabeth.					

Maria Berry Ward, not yet married, but firmly betrothed to Mr. Harry Manley, who is in business in Yokohama, Japan, which distant place she is to start for to-morrow, (the 21st of April, 1875.) It is a sad thought to think of my dear Tip in a foreign land. But there is sweet consolation in knowing she is going to a man of honor, and one that prizes her above all others. But more especially do I comfort myself that God is able to return them both to me in safety.

Richard Weld Fowler had an amiable wife and a beautiful little daughter, Ida by name, but God saw fit to take her to Himself at an early age. Yes, little Ida has gone to the other shore, to be with Christ forever more. Peace be to her ashes.

Lucy Ann and Mary Adcock are the next to record. They died with dysentery and were buried together,—Lucy A. was two years old, Mary A. an infant.

Now I will speak of brother James William Weld. He went to Ohio the year when, through his trade, it was called hard times. Songs went ringing through the streets evenings of "hard times." No business could be obtained. The cry was, "People will suffer this winter for something to eat," which was a strange sound for Guilford people to hear. So Brother Jim and his chum, Martin Chittenden, started out to seek work. They took a few tools on their backs, and went to New Haven. The first day, though they knew no one there, they were successful in getting a job that enabled them to get something to eat and pay for lodging. So on they went in that way, till finally they reached Brecksville, Ohio, and never were chaps more homesick. I have heard the poor boy say he should have started for home in twenty-four hours if he could have raised the money or thought he could walk back. But there he was fastened, and boys in those days didn't depend on their fathers as now. If they got into a tight place, all they had to do was to get out if they could. But it was soon noised abroad that two Connecticut young men were in the place, and the lads were in high repute. The young people rallied for miles around, had huskings and apple bees, as they were called, and all desired introductions to Mr. Weld and Mr. Chittenden. The homesickness all disappeared, and they soon became familiar with western customs, and Brother Jim shortly married Miss Eleanor B. Coates.

It was an English family that left on account of the Government, and were very different from the other inhabitants. James finally thought Miss Coates filled the place of the Guilford girls, and they were married, and with his wife had fifty acres of wild land.

Mr. Coates had six daughters, and each one had a wild farm of fifty acres, and the one that got the smartest husband had the best farm, as it depended on the man.

Brother James had the advantage of the farmer hus-

was being at the season for which was then in great demand. So he worked at his trade and one day's work was a pay for three, earning his food and his barn he paid money by exchanging at the trade fairs and so his barn evenings.

But such ambition is of short duration. In a few years he lost his health, having had a fever which settled in his eyes, and was never a well man afterwards, though for many years he did a great business with only part of one eye, and as accurately as any other man with two eyes. He was administrator of numerous large estates, and was preferred before others, being so accurate in business, which was thought miraculous. In short, he was an influential man for many miles around.

When he kept the hotel in Richfield, Ohio, traveling gentlemen would ride from Cleveland, twenty miles, after sundown, to stop at Weld's hotel. No style, but everything so comfortable and pleasant, and the table so bountifully spread with good, wholesome food, made it a very desirable stopping place.

But the dear brother was taken from us some twelve or fourteen years since, and his blessed wife soon followed. He died in the month of March, and his wife the following autumn. Names of their children :

Charlotte Ann Weld, - - - - - Born June 23d, 1822.

She married Mr. Schuyler M. Oviatt, Richfield, Ohio. He is now treasurer of Summit County, Akron, Ohio. They have had three children, viz. :

James Schuyler, - - - - - Born April 5th, 1845.

Mary Eleanor, - - - - - Born April 14th, 1829; died 1853.

Charlotte Mary, - - - - - Born Jan. 25th, 1858.

Louisa Maria Weld, - - - - - Born March 27th, 1824,

married Mr. Elijah N. Hammond, Richfield, Ohio, a very indulgent man in his family. His health was quite precarious at this time. Names of their children :

Alida Louisa, - - - - - Born Oct. 22d, 1856.

Fanny Weld, - - - - - Born Oct. 22d, 1862.

Richard Henry Weld, - - - - - Born Dec. 4th, 1826,

Died with scarlet fever at the age of four years.

Harvey Weld, - - - - - Born Dec. 27th, 1830.

Died with the same disease.

William Coates Weld, - - - - - Born Oct. 15th, 1833.

He married Miss Rebecca Newton, Richfield, Ohio.

The lad drew a noble prize when he obtained Miss Newton's heart and hand. Names of their children :

William Newton, Weld, - - - - - Born Aug. 7th, 1858.

Edmund James, - - - - - Born Feb. 17th, 1861.

John Newton, - - - - - Born May 15th, 1863.

James Harvey, - - - - - Born Sept. 18th, 1869.

Mary Elizabeth Weld, - - - - - Born Sept. 14th, 1835.

The lovely girl died single at the age of thirty-one years.

James Henry Weld, - - - - - Born Nov. 1st, 1837.

Died with consumption at the interesting age of twenty-eight years. He was a special favorite of mine. I received a long letter from him a little before his death, and often read it, as it brings him before me so forcibly and affectionately.

Next comes my brilliant sailor brother and family.

Richard Weld was a sailor from boyhood. He followed the seas, and knew no other business, and finally was buried in the depth of the ocean. We lived next door to Captain Fred. Parmelee, in Guilford, and he coasted from there to New York. He being very fond of little Dick, he always gave him a word of cheer as he passed, and one day Dick came running into the house, saying, "Captain Parmelee wants me for a little cabin boy. Can I go with him to New York?" "No, sir, you cannot," was mother's ready reply. But the captain persisted on his going, and told father he would take special care of the little fellow, and would not allow him to go on shore unless he went with him. So finally he got consent of father and mother, but it caused mother sleepless nights until he returned, and how happy she felt that little Dick had no desire to go the second time.

The first evening he went on board the vessel there was a terrific thunder storm, a perfect tempest, and the little cabin boy was not in sight, so they began to search for him, and found him stowed away under some old sails.



He was unwilling to come out, being so engrossed in the storm, and thought if he could only get home he would give you word from morning till night, though he had never before disliked the job extremely. He was then about eleven years old.

When Captain Fred was ready to sail again he called for Richard, but the youngster wholly refused him, and our joy was full. The water had no charms for him in several years, but as he grew courageous he began to talk about going on the water, which greatly disturbed our affectionate mother, as she had lost three brothers at sea. But go he did, and at the age of nineteen years went as captain of a brig from New London, and he proved to be a regular sailor, and had the credit of being very kind to his crew. On the arrival in New York from a long voyage, a colored man was inquired of about it, and his reply was, "Oh, my God! it was so cold going around Cape Horn, that I should have frozen to death if it hadn't been for Captain Weld. He gave me his warm clothes and thick boots, which kept me from perishing." His heart was tender as a lady's.

It was a trial to his friends in his going on the water, but as that was his business, no more was said to prevent it. For several years he was commander of the ship Ohio. At length it was laid up for repairs, and he could not be persuaded to stay on shore during the time. He said he should be as blue as an indigo bag, and so obtained a sure situation to end his precious life. He sailed from Chagres to New Orleans the same summer the Chagres fever proved so fatal. I was at his house in Guilford the morning he left for New York. We all expressed so much anxiety about him, that he became rather impatient, and finally spoke out in his own feelings: "Now don't make fools of yourselves any longer. I know how to manage myself in sickness, and have plenty of medicines on board, and am as safe there as here." He went several trips, and several letters were received, saying, "Don't worry about me, for my health was never better." Of course it gave his friends courage to hope he would be spared to return.

But at length the doleful tidings came that Captain Weld was dead and buried in the sea. He was taken from the vessel he commanded, the *Eldorado*, at Aspinwall, Aug. 6th, and died Aug. 8th. He was taken on a hammock to the ship *Illinois*, entirely unconscious. Being far from land, without sufficient ice or liquors, they were obliged to commit his precious body to a watery grave. It puts me in chills while writing it.

Captain Hallstine performed the funeral service of the Episcopal Church over him, which must have been solemn and heart-rending. The captain wrote a tender letter to his wife, saying all was done for Captain Weld that could possibly be done, but all in vain; that he died from exhaustion produced by a severe attack of Chagres fever. He had the fever upon him when he left Chagres, but intended the voyage should cure the disease,—a sad mistake. Poor mistaken man! He needed rest.

Captain Fairchild, knowing the day the ship was due in New Orleans, and being intimate with Richard, was on the wharf as soon as the vessel reached it, and when he saw Richard exclaimed, "Why, Captain Weld, you are a sick man. Go home with me. I live two miles from the city, have good air, and I'll cure you ready to go back the next trip." But he could not be persuaded, knowing if any accident happened to the ship the owners would hold him responsible. He made friends wherever he went, but we shall never more see his pleasant smile or hear his cheerful voice. He left an affectionate wife and two young daughters, who deeply mourned his loss. He was a kind husband, father and brother. Many hearts were made sad in the death of that dear, noble brother. But we must obey the voice of God, whether on land or water. I could speak of him till midnight, but it only takes me back to the scene of his being lowered to his dark resting-place, which is too gloomy to dwell upon. It was a consolation to know that he was not put into the water in his winding-sheet, but was buried in a plank box.

Richard Weld married Miss Sarah Walkley. She lived some years after his death, but was never a happy woman

after the death of her husband. Sometimes she tried to  
 get. Names of their children:

Sarah Elizabeth Weld, - - - - - Born Feb. 22nd, 1837.

She married Mr. Norman H. Matteson of New York.  
 He is a capable business man in the city of Brooklyn,  
 N. Y. A better salesman in dry goods cannot be obtained  
 in the City of New York, so it is said. They have two  
 children. Ida Louisa Matteson, a young lady twenty  
 years of age, with a fair prospect of a good husband,  
 whom she is worthy of possessing. It is an important  
 event to select a life companion. Edward Weld Matteson,  
 a bright lad of twelve years. Thus end the children of  
 Sarah W. Matteson.

Charles Henry Weld, - - - - - Born May 24th, 1839, died 1839.

Ann Maria Weld, - - - - - Born Oct. 27th, died in infancy.

Joseph Maria Weld, - - - - - Born Nov. 1st, 1837.

She married Mr. Elijah B. Caird of New York City.  
 He was a widower with an affectionate little son, named  
 Charles. Mr. Caird has been dead several years. Maria  
 has had three children. She has but one living, Frank  
 Weld Caird, fifteen years of age. Harvey Matteson  
 Caird died when eleven months old. Jennie Shelton Caird  
 died two years since, in 1874. Her death was a heavy  
 blow to Maria, she being a very affectionate child, who  
 took an interest in all that concerned her mother.

Edward Wallace Weld, - - - - - Born Oct. 10th, 1843, died 1843.

Charles Henry Weld, - - - - - Born Jan. 8th, 1835, died 1844.

Six in number were Brother Richard Weld's children,  
 all gone to their graves but Mrs. Matteson and Mrs. Caird.  
 They reside in Brooklyn together,—Mrs. Matteson the  
 matron, Mrs. Caird a boarder.

Brother Henry Weld comes next to be represented. He  
 married Miss Ann Eliza Ward of New York City, a lady  
 of unusual business capacity, which is a great blessing to  
 a man. Her health at this time is very precarious, but,  
 speaking at random, we cannot spare her from our family  
 circle yet. Names of their children:

Charles Weld, - - - - - Do not know the date.

Julia Berry Weld, - - - - - Born Dec., 1836.

Manchester Ward Weld, - - - - - Born 1841.

Little Charlie was too pure for this lower world, and the angel boy was taken to his better home at the early age of four years. When the little creature was two months old, something indescribable convinced me his life would be short. I was rather silent about it, knowing it would be termed a granny whim. But my suspicions were too true, and I was not surprised when the announcement of his death reached me in Ohio, for I plainly perceived his virtues were ripening too early to warrant the hope of his continuing long in this world. There seemed an unearthly loveliness in him. In short, he seemed allied to an angelic nature.

Julia Berry Weld married Mr. Ralph A. Lanning of New York City. He served in the war of 1861, was promoted in office, was wounded, and returned on crutches to his Julia, who received him with a hearty welcome, and they were shortly married. He is a true gentleman, now doing a handsome business in the City of New York. Names of their children:

Josephine Elizabeth, - - - Born August 5th, 1863.  
Edith Augusta, - - - Born September 7th, 1869,

Manchester Ward Weld married Miss Elizabeth Pierce of Rhode Island. They are nicely housekeeping in Brooklyn. Are congenial and happy. Names of their children:

Elizabeth Ward Weld, - - - Born March 20th, 1868.  
Charles Henry Weld, - - - Born October 1st, 1869.  
Manchester Ward Weld, - - - Born August 28th, 1873.

It seems to be a prevailing opinion that honest men are seldom found in these fashionable and extravagant days, but I am not willing to think that honesty and promptness are going to leave this beautiful world to shame and disgrace, though I must confess there is great need of more upright business men. But I will speak of several cases where business men have proved as true as steel to their employers.

Henry Weld is collector and agent of one of the large estates in the City of New York, worth a number of millions, and during the last twenty-five years, some millions have passed through his hands to the full satisfaction of the numerous heirs.

He is also employed in the office of Trinity Church, New York, and has the charge of St. Paul's Chapel, where he attends church on Sundays, though his deputy does the work. He is Collector, Clerk and Agent. This is the twenty-sixth year he has been in that employment, and has been absent but one Sunday during the twenty-five years. The absent Sunday he was appointed to go to Lakeland with the Bishop to attend confirmation, otherwise he has been present whenever St. Paul's church has been opened, day or night. Such a rare event is worth recording. Who can declare more?

Regularity is a wonderful remedy for health, much better than medicine.

Now comes my last own brother, Harvey Stone Weld. In 1829, with the assistance of friends, he commenced business in New York, and followed it attentively for fourteen years, when he came to the conclusion that his profits were not sufficient for a family's support, and he sold out and moved to Ohio. While living in New York he married Miss Elizabeth Greenleaf of that city. They lived for each other's welfare, and both being prudent they were nicely prospering at the time of her death, which was fourteen years ago. He attempted to follow the same business in Ohio that he had done in New York. Unfortunately, he settled in a village (Richfield) which new railroads leading to and ending at Cleveland, and other thriving places, shortly stopped the growth and business of, and he retraced his steps to New York, and in 1854 he accepted the position, through a friend, of sexton and collector of Henry Ward Beecher's church, at a salary of \$750 per year. For two years he filled this position, when, in 1856, he was elected Secretary of the Board of Trustees of said church, still continuing collector of its revenues, which he holds to this day, April 24th, 1875. During the Treasurer's absence one summer in Europe, he was made Treasurer *pro tem.* till his return. All this time he has held the office of chief sexton and general superintendent of the temporal affairs of the church, with an assistant to do the sexton work. His salary, as I said before, com-

Richfield

menced at \$750, and gradually increased with the duties and responsibilities of his position, until it reached the sum of three thousand five hundred per year. Names of their children :

Mary Elizabeth Weld, - - - Born July, 1833; died 1838.

She was a beautiful child, but was permitted to cheer her friends but a few short years. The little darling died at the early age of four years.

Leonard Chamberlain Weld, - - - Born Aug., 1836.

Elizabeth Greenleaf Weld, - - - Born Dec., 1839.

She is not married, but would make a tidy, prudent housekeeper, and whoever gets her will find it true. She is a kind niece to me.

Leonard C. Weld is a brilliant, fine-appearing man. He married Miss Annie Statum, from Georgia. She is highly educated, but, like most Southern ladies, is not familiar with domestic affairs, and is more fit for the parlor than for the numerous cares of a family. Names of their children :

Georgia Ellerby Weld, - - - Born Oct. 15th, 1863.

Grace Elizabeth Weld, - - - Born Feb. 17th, 1867.

Ella Campbell Weld, - - - Born Jan. 2d, 1869.

Lucy Mabel Weld, - - - Born April 5th, 1871.

Leonard Howard Weld, - - - Born May 7th, 1873.

Harvey Stone Weld, - - - Born Oct. 18th, 1874.

And another young daughter ; I do not know the name.

Harvey S. Weld, Jr., died at the tender age of six months. It is hard for parents to part with the little creatures, but they surely go to a better home than any earthly parent can provide.

I will not omit speaking of my brother's loneliness after the death of his wife. He was a sincere mourner, and passed two years very lonely. Himself, daughter and servant constituted the family during the time. His son and family, then living on Long Island, were not company for him, and he thought his feelings would never be changed, but, as I said before, time covers the grave of a friend with verdure, and it also soothes the heart of a mourner, and thus it proved in his case. He formed an

alliance with Mrs. Mary Ann Rogers, a highly respectable lady in Danbury, Conn. She is an honor to all her friends, and I am proud to call her sister.

Next comes my dear departed sister, Lucy Ann Weld Coates. She went to Ohio at the interesting age of nineteen years. Brother James came on alone from Buffalo to consult the great and celebrated Dr. Knight about his eyes. The doctor thought by wholly destroying one eye, he could save the other, but only part of one was saved, after all his suffering. He passed the summer in Guilford with his family friends, except being in New Haven during the operation of his eyes. He told Lucy A., when he first came, that she must prepare to go home with him, but it seemed a romance till the appointed time arrived, which proved a sad reality. Indeed, it was a critical case. It was a severe trial to part with such a kind sister, and no less trying to think of an almost blind brother traveling seven hundred miles alone. Not a word dare be spoken to oppose her going, fearing to hurt the tender feelings of poor Jim., so the girl went, and never was a child more homesick for a while. She went from a large shop of young girls that were gay and social—sewing straw hats for ladies—and the girls all looked up to her for sport as well as for advice in some things in which they thought her opinion best. No wonder the child was homesick, the contrast was too great to be otherwise. Brother's place was new and wild, the inhabitants lived too remote for social gatherings evenings, as was her privilege in Guilford; sometimes to singing school, which was her favorite spot, and sometimes to evening meeting, and there was scarcely a night that the young people did not meet somewhere. For some months the dear girl actually suffered by homesickness, but she did not speak of it, knowing it would be unpleasant for the friends. She said the only thing that she could enjoy was the moon and stars, that she used to sit on the green, mossy rain-water trough and gaze at the moon, knowing that Tot could look at the same thing she was then looking at, though many miles away. Tot is my nickname still.

The second year she became quite reconciled, as Col. John Coates, brother to James' wife, paid her his addresses, and seemed to chase away the gloomy sensations of homesickness. That would do it if anything could, for when the right beau appears light breaks in at once as a general thing. At a suitable time they were married, had a family of nice obedient children, but she was taken from them when it seemed to us she was most needed. She died June, 1852, leaving five children, the youngest two months old. She had eight children and lost three. If she had given herself the attention she gave others, when ailing, she might have recovered from an ordinary attack of dysentery, but, as usual, she neglected till too late for medicine to take effect, and so must bid adieu to a kind husband and a family of young children. Sad indeed! for a tender mother to leave a young babe to the care of others. But the little creature had tender care from a loving sister of seventeen years, and an affectionate father. The said child is now a promising young man of twenty-four, living at the homestead with a nice amiable wife, but no father to consult. He died in 1872, and the mother in 1852. Names of their children: John Edmund Coates died at the age of twenty-two years. He was a young ambitious physician, and like his uncomplaining mother, went beyond his strength in exerting to save a patient with the dire disease, dysentery, when, at the same time, the disease was firmly seated on himself, and shortly took him to his silent home, leaving a numerous circle of relations and friends to miss his ever cheerful salutation and musical voice. There was no gloominess in his nature, but was ever ready to cheer those who dwelt on the dark side. He was altogether a brilliant boy from childhood.

James Middleton Coates, - - Died at the age of two years.

James Harvey Coates, - - - - Born May, 1833.

He married Miss Maria Storrs of Brecksville, Ohio. They have two children, son and daughter. They are living very nicely at Brecksville, Ohio. Jimmie has the blessing of a wife that is ready to assist instead of embarrassing him. He is in the mercantile business in Brecks-



ville, superintendent of a sabbath school, etc., which speaks very well for my young nephew. I am told he is now postmaster.

Mary Weld Coates died from the effects of eating unripe cherries, at the age of two years. I was in Ohio on a visit, and well remember the day the little creature ate them, and she died in four or five days after.

Mary Ann Coates, - - - - - born, 1835.

She married Mr Reuben Fairchild. I never saw him, neither can I form an opinion of him from letters, for he has never deigned to write me a line, though I must not complain of neglect, for I truly think it remarkable that so many young creatures should give me so much attention by writing and presents. Mr. Fairchild and family live in Indiana.

Lewis Weld Coates. He was a darling little chap when small. He is now a business man at Nebraska. I have always heard a good report of him, and hope I ever shall, for my sister's children are very dear to me.

Dr. Frank Coates is my last to represent, as I have spoken of William R. Coates, the babe, before his turn came. Frank Coates is married and settled in Merea, Ohio. He is considered a skillful physician, and I am told he has a nice lady for his wife. I have never had an opportunity to see her, though I have received very satisfactory letters from my stranger niece.

At a suitable time after Lucy Ann's death, Mr. Coates married Mrs. Allen, and though she had children about the age of little Willie, he was never eclipsed by them. She was an excellent woman and a tender mother to those children, which must have been a sweet consolation to their kind father.

I think Lewis Coates is still unmarried. I am daily expecting a letter from the young man, which may bring me tidings to the contrary.

Sister Mary Weld is the last of father's first family of children. She died at the interesting age of nineteen years. She was pronounced a beautiful girl, and all that knew her loved her. Parson Baldwin and wife went as

soon as she died and begged the privilege to lay her out at their own expense, but the aunts, Beulah and Sally, preferred to have her dressed for the grave in her own white dress, and so she was, and looked so natural that Parson Baldwin stood beside her, saying, "She cannot be dead; she is sleeping." She was never sick a day till taken with a putrid sore throat and scarlet fever that could not be controlled. Her death caused deep affliction, but the dear girl was called away, and left her friends to gather up their strength as best the wounded may.

Oh, how many times I have thought of my dear brother Jim since I commenced this writing. It is what he so earnestly solicited, and I always refused. Now he is dead, and I have listened to others; yet there is no one that will enjoy these family sayings and doings as he would have done. I cannot banish it from my thoughts, come it will.

Names of the second family of Edmund Weld :

John Weld, - - - - - Born Sept., 1813.

Betsey Weld, - - - - - Have not dates at hand.

Edmund Weld, Jr., - - - - - Born 1817.

Lydia Maria Weld, - - - - - Born Dec. 23d, 1819.

Oliver Smith Weld lived but two years.

Samuel Weld.

Alfred Washington Weld.

Daniel Weld.

Brother John Weld married Miss Abigail W. Leete of Guilford, Conn. They are a remarkably congenial couple. Each works for the other's interest, which is the only way to accumulate a handsome living and make a happy home, and that they have surely done. Names of their children :

John Arthur Weld, - - - - - Born Nov. 1842.

He is an unmarried gentleman, but fit for any lady in Christendom. He is living with his parents at their handsome residence in New Haven, Conn. That's pleasant, indeed it is. Business in New Haven.

Edward Leete Weld.

He entered the war of 1861 at the critical age of seventeen years. He went as drummer, and was shortly chosen drum major, and held the office during the terrible war. The young chap returned safe and sound, without a scar

or any contracted disease, and married Miss Emma Graves of New Haven. They have one child, Frederic by name, as smart and comical a lad as New Haven can produce. That's my honest opinion. They are keeping house not far from Father John's, and live very nicely with the youngster Fred, who occasionally takes it into his head to run away down to grandma's and see what they are doing there, and cause some one to look him up, though he thought there was no occasion for alarm,—quite laughable. As these incidents were performed a year ago, perhaps he would now disdain the idea.

Brother Edmund Weld married Mrs. Betsy Ann Isbelle. The lad was wisely directed in the choice of his wife, for sure I am he could not have done better. I think the young man fully appreciates the worth of his wife, though a stranger would imagine that his manner of expressing affection and satisfaction must be his own style. But notwithstanding brother Ed. is a little singular in these things, all that know him aright take his queer expressions with good meaning, knowing he is all right at heart, and much respected in his native town, Guilford, and home is surely the only place to fairly test a man's character.

Sister Betsy Weld is before Edmund, but the mistake cannot be a wonder to any rational person, for I declare, so many generations, families and individuals in each family is enough to bewilder a young smart lawyer. Please excuse the blunder, and I will proceed.

Sister Betsey Weld married Mr. Charles Wheadon of Guilford, Conn. He was a ship rigger, and business being better in Fair Haven, sold his place in Guilford, and moved his family there, and died there about four years ago, very suddenly. He had something of a cold, but went to work as usual, and was brought home dead in a few hours after leaving his home. Supposed to be heart disease. Poor Betsey! What could be more exciting? They never had but one child, Anna by name. Her health is very precarious, still she is a great help as well as comfort to her lonely mother. They continue in their own snug home at Fair Haven, and seem to enjoy themselves and live happily together.

Now I will give the names of Brother Edmund's children :

Edmund Griswold Weld, - Born October 13, 1851; died 1853.

He was one of those children too good for earth, and God took him at an early age.

Samuel Griswold Weld, - - - - - Born May 4th, 1854.

Samuel is one of my young correspondents. I have a juvenile class that seems dissatisfied if they do not hear from me, by letters, several times a year, and I am sure if I can render any comfort to the young creatures by writing them occasionally, I ought to do it. I often wonder how they can desire it, but I have reason to think they do, as most of my writing materials are furnished by them. A letter from Samuel, a few days ago, informed us he was coming soon to make us a visit.

Edmund Weld, Jun., - - - - - Born June 9th, 1856.

As I am not so familiarly acquainted with Eddie as with Samuel, I have no particular account to give concerning my young nephew.

Brother Samuel Weld died in California. He went to Stockton, Cal., in 1849, and died there in 1852. There his bones lie, but no friend to visit the spot.

Sister Lydia Maria Weld married Mr. Jared Buell of Clinton, Conn. They have had but one child. Edward Augustus is his name, and a more ingenious young man it would be difficult to find. I had an agreeable visit at his father's last summer, and received as much attention as if I had been a lady of nobility. Now my ingenious young nephew is married to Miss Alice Dunn of Clinton, Conn.

Oliver Smith Weld died at the age of two years.

Brother Alfred Washington Weld married Miss Sarah Munson of New Haven, Conn. Her health is miserable, but I take much pleasure in her feeble company. Names of their children :

Emma F. Weld, - - - - - Born Oct. 2d, 1848.

Mary E. Weld, - - - - - Born Oct. 3d, 1854.

Nellie S. Weld, - - - - - Born Aug. 13th, 1857.

Nellie, the youngest of the three, has been more expeditious than her sisters, and is now a married lady, leaving them to trudge to and from their daily labor,—teaching in public schools,—and returning home to their meals too tired to relish the most delicious fare, particularly in warm weather. Still they are cheerful and happy.

Brother Daniel Weld, the last of the second family of Edmund, married Miss Melinda Cannon of Massachusetts. They have both gone to their final rest, leaving two children without the tender care of parents to guide and direct them. Their names are as follows:

Elvira Clark Weld,	-	-	-	Born March 26th, 1848.
Calvin C. Weld,	-	-	-	Born July 11th, 1852.

Elvira C. Weld married Mr. Jones of New Haven, where they reside. They have two children:

Charlie E. Jones,	-	-	-	Born Feb. 19th, 1865.
Eva B. Jones,	-	-	-	Born April 15th, 1871.

Calvin C. Weld married a New Haven girl, very young, I should judge, though I have never seen her but once. She appeared very unassuming, modest and pretty. They get along nicely, are housekeeping in New Haven, and live very happily, which is worth recording.

Brother Daniel Weld died a triumphant death, singing and rejoicing as long as he could speak. He was happy in death, which is a beautiful scene.

Fowler Weld, son of Uncle William, died in Texas quite mysteriously. It is feared he was poisoned for the property he had there accumulated. Poor, dear boy! As business at Texas was quite lucrative, he left New Haven, and went there for great wages at house building, staid several years, and became quite wealthy for those times. He built houses and sold them, till he concluded he could return to Connecticut in good shape. He had disposed of his buildings to his satisfaction, was all ready to start for home, when he suddenly died.

Uncle Daniel, (the youngest child of Grandfather Weld), at the age of twenty-two went into business in North Guilford, and kept a country store. As he was a brilliant lad all the way up, the young ladies all got their caps set

for the young merchant from town, and at a suitable time he selected Miss S. Rosseter, as I said before. As the young man prospered in business, in a few years he opened a public house, so called, together with his store, and supported a large family of children in a comfortable and respectable manner. Names of the children :

Sophia Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Aug. 20th, 1804.
Joseph William,	-	-	-	-	-	Born Sept. 14th, 1805.
Caroline,	-	-	-	-	-	Born March 7th, 1807.
Daniel Cornelius,	-	-	-	-	-	Born May 21st, 1809.
Lewis Urbane,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 17th, 1812.
Celia,	-	-	-	-	-	Born April 3d, 1814.
Catharine,	-	-	-	-	-	Born July 25th, 1817.
James H. Hobert,	-	-	-	-	-	Born March 29th, 1820.

Sophia Weld married Mr. Victor Fowler of North Guilford. Names of their children :

Rev. Morelle Fowler,	-	-	-	-	-	No dates.
Cornelius Fowler,	-	-	-	-	-	" "
Antoinette Sophia Victoria Fowler,	-	-	-	-	-	" "

Three very pretty names, but rather lengthy.

Rev. Morelle Fowler, wife and children, (consisting of three), were burnt and crushed to death instantly on board the unfortunate cars, near Poughkeepsie, on the North River.

Cornelius Fowler is married and settled in Kansas. No children. Foolish boy ! to separate himself from his kind friends in expectation of accumulating riches, which cannot comfort him on a death bed. But there are very few people that prefer relatives before property. It is even so.

Antoinette S. V. Fowler married Mr. Frank Judd of North Guilford. Have no children. They have a nice place in New Haven where they reside.

Joseph William Weld was a true man at fourteen years old, and I think man is the highest title can be given to the male sex. It is a high standing to be a man. I presume many generals are void of true manliness. But that's only my opinion.

But to return to my little Joseph. He was a wonderful child. No *boy* in his appearance, though none of that

smart feeling that most bright children have. I passed a winter at my uncle's when the child was about ten years old, and he surprised me in many ways, and you know home is the only place to test a person's true character. At ten years old the little fellow waited on customers as readily and correctly as his father. My uncle purchased his goods of Mr. Cromwell in New York, and when little Joe was about twelve, Mr. Cromwell went to North Guilford for a few days of country air, and seeing such a little boy so efficient in the store, he perfectly fell in love with him, and requested his father to let him go home with him, saying he would take him into his own family, and if he was sick would inform them at once. What could be more flattering. At first it was entirely foreign to the minds of his parents and also to Joseph, but the unusual salary offered was a great inducement, and to New York the little boy went. The man wrote,—I do not remember how long it was before word came,—that Joseph was sick, but no cause for alarm; that he was only a little ailing, and he would surely let them know if he was any worse. The parents were anxiously waiting to hear from little Joseph, when he was brought to their door in his coffin. Terrible surprise! Mr. Cromwell had written that he was considered dangerous, but the letter had not been received, which greatly surprised him. It is evident the man had peculiar regard for the child, as he went himself with the remains. Indeed, it must have been an agonizing scene which nature could not have survived without assistance from on High. Let us appreciate a kind Providence.

Caroline Weld is next to be recorded. She and her sister Catharine reside in and own their father's homestead in North Guilford. They are very worthy ladies, industrious almost to a fault, and no better cooks and house-keepers can be found in New England. That I'm bold to say. They are still unmarried ladies.

Daniel Cornelius Weld married Miss Abbie Rogers of Colchester, Conn. They moved South, and there he died, leaving a wife and two children. She returned with her little boys, and lived but a few years after she came back.

Lewis Urbane Weld now calls my attention. He was another of my favorite boys. He married Mrs. Lucy Ann Roberts with one child, and he was very fond of little Hettie, the child. She never knew but he was her own father until his death revealed it otherwise. They had two children :

Hosmer Henshaw Weld, - Born Feb. Feb., 1846; died 1862.

William Lewis, - - - - - No dates.

He is an excellent young man, with a character well established in New Britain, where he resides.

I must give a more minute account of Cousin Lewis Weld. He resided in Middletown, Conn., but business being dull there, he obtained a situation in New York, and there he accumulated sufficient to make his last payment for his place in Middletown, and was going home the next week to do so. The Sunday morning previous to his appointment to go home, he proposed to his room-mate to take a walk before breakfast, and as the young man was ready first, Lewis told him to go on, that he would overtake him; but did not. When the young man returned he found Lewis dead on the floor. He appeared in the attitude of drawing on his boot. His wife, knowing what his favorite dishes were, had prepared them in the choicest manner. But alas! she was deprived of the sweet privilege of seeing him alive. Death had the first claim, and left her to bear the shock, or fall. He died March 20th, 1853. His wife, 1873.

Celia Weld married Mr. Joel Benton of Illinois. She left all friends and settled away off among strangers, which I do not think is pleasant, if it is right. It seems doleful to me.

James H. Hobert Weld died when young. I have made a trifling mistake in placing Cousin Catharine. She is the youngest but one, next before Henry Hobert, the baby.

It is a remarkable instance that the father was drowned and taken home dead, and the sons, three in number, died from home. Such scenes are very aggravating. But those dark spots belong to God alone. He determines according to His own will and our own good.



The following information was sent me from Mr. Wm. F. Weld of Boston, Mass.:

The names below are descendants from Mr. Joseph Weld, brother of Rev. Thomas Weld, who was settled over the church in Roxbury, 1632:

Joseph Weld was born in 1595. Names of his children:

John Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Born 1623.
Joseph Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Born 1650.
Joseph Weld.	-	-	-	-	-	-	Born 1653.
Colonel and Judge Eleazar Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Born 1737.
William Jordan Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Born 1775.
William F. Weld,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Born 1800.

Eleazer Weld married Miss Sarah Warren, sister to General Joseph Warren, born Oct. 25th, 1764, daughter of Joseph and Mary Stevens Warren, all of Roxbury, Mass. It seems she was my great-grandmother's sister.

I cut the following from a Boston paper not long after the war closed, and will here record it as it was worded:

Daniel K. Weld, of Abbot Village, Maine, who served in the war in the 84th Penna. Regiment, has written to the Commissioners of Pensions to say that he is stout and well again, and does not want a pension any longer, being amply able to support himself by his own labor.

The astonished Commissioner replies that he will strike Mr. Weld's name from the rolls, and that he considers him to be "a disinterested patriot," never having heard of such a case before, and not expecting to hear of another like it.

We do not ourselves venture to offer any comments upon the astounding incident.

But I will dare make one. I think the chap has an extra quantity of Weld independence.

C. WELD FOWLER.

#### THOUGHTS WRITTEN IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

BY H. S. WELD, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

O'er hill and dale and crystal lake  
 The same sweet stillness ever reigns,  
 Save when the tuneful song-birds make  
 Amid the flowers their sweet refrains.

Here nature's grace is wed to art,  
 And beauty dwells on Greenwood hills,  
 While from all earthly cares apart,  
 'Tis here anew our grief distils.

Against the fair blue summer sky  
 The snow white softly gleams,  
 Below the silent sleepers lie  
 At rest from all life's feverish dreams.

There is no sound or echo here,  
 But faith points up with streaming eyes,  
 Beyond the cloud of mortal fear,  
 To fairer mansions in the skies.

"Our own" in memory live for aye,  
 Their names and deeds inscribed within  
 Our heart of hearts. *They cannot die,*  
 But bloom and keep forever green.

What need to rear the stately bust,  
 Or sculptured column towering near?  
 "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"  
 And all life's history endeth here.

When green the turf shall rest on me,  
 And all life's cares and toils are o'er,  
 Ah! where will then my spirit be?  
 And what my work forever more?

Having so often been urged by the little folks to tell them true stories, as they termed it, meaning incidents that took place when I was a little girl, I will here relate my cow-boy story :

My brother George, older than myself, was Grandfather Weld's little cow-boy, as he called him. The distance to pasture was two miles, and as George had a stone-bruise on his foot, he could not walk the distance. So gran'daddy came into our room and asked me if I would fetch the cows a week if he would give me a roaster ; but I knew not what he meant. He laughed heartily, knowing I did not understand, and said, "It is a little pig to bake and eat," and mammy told him I could go. He said he would drive the cows to pasture mornings, but wanted them fetched at night, as the word was. When it came time to go, I took my little brother Jim along for company, dreading that lonesome road after passing old Granny Lee's, as she was called. Then, it was almost a mile without a house, and woods each side of the road. In short, it was the gloomiest road I ever saw. An old saw-mill

dropping to the ground made it still more doleful, and we always dreaded to go there for berries. But I will go back to where we started from home.

Well, before we got across the Green I imagined it thundered, and when we turned Mr. Sam Johnson's corner, I saw the heavy black cloud in the north, and the steady rumbling thunder made my hair rise up, being very timid in a thunder shower, but I said nothing to little Jim, except that we must hurry for it would soon rain. I took his little hand and started on a run, and as we were just coming to the corner that turned to the old saw-mill, a man not looking quite right came in sight, which greatly increased my fear, but I thought if I spoke to him very pleasantly he wouldn't hurt us, so I spoke up very cheerfully, saying, "Will you please tell me the time of day, sir?" It was then evening twilight, besides the heavy cloud, and even little Jim knew it was night, but the old man gave me a gruff sounding answer, "Oh, its most night, you know." Then we started afresh; that anticipated fear was ended, but another succeeded, that the cows would not be at the bars, but off among the cedar bushes lain down for the night. But to my sweet surprise when we came in sight of the cunning-looking little bars, there stood the cows, and wasn't I overjoyed. Still as we drew near, one cow was missing, but that was the least I thought of then, being away up to the old saw-mill at dark night, and a constant rumbling of thunder overhead. Altogether, I felt not to care for the pig, and thought perhaps by not getting all the cows I should lose it. But, worse than that of leaving the cow, I made the others run full speed from the lot home, though I had always heard gran'daddy charge my brother not to drive the cows fast, as it would heat the milk and hurt the cows. But that was the least of my concern then, as I was expecting rain in torrents every moment. However, by scampering home the cows, we escaped the rain, and there stood gran'daddy watching for us, fearing we would get wet. He laid no blame to us for leaving the cow, and when the little pig was old enough the butcher came and dressed it,

and a present it was. Mammy baked the little white fellow, and at noon it stood on the table with an ear of corn in its mouth, and instead of the little white pig it was as brown as a chestnut.

About two o'clock in the morning the old cow came home, probably tired of being alone, and made such a bellowing that father was obliged to go out and turn her into the yard.

Now, my young friends, this is a truthful story, but not likely to interest you as much as some others that never occurred nor ever will. But if it should happen to suit the fancy of any mind, perhaps my Huckleberry Story would be somewhat amusing, so I will state it as it happened :

In summer vacations it was understood that the school children's time would be mostly occupied in picking huckleberries. So they went in companies, similar to graded schools, and always some naughty boys to disturb the rest. My messmates were Amanda and Laura Coan. They came over one evening to arrange about going, and said if the weather should be as intensely hot as it had been that day, it would be more comfortable for us to go at early morning twilight. I thought so, too, if I could get up early enough.

Amanda said her father always got up at four o'clock in the morning, and she would engage him to call them, and if I would tie a strong string round my wrist and put it out of my window, they would be sure to have me up in time. I did so, and as I was half asleep, could not imagine what caused my arm to jerk so furiously ; but it soon roused me to consciousness, and I was shortly on hand. But the loud laughter of those girls every time they pulled the string, it being so early, rallied the household, and well might it the whole neighborhood.

Our mothers proposed having our dinners put up over night, as we should have no appetites so early, and would not have enough for dinner and breakfast. So we were in readiness to start as soon as dressed and took breakfast by the way, and as walking created an appetite, our meal con-

tinued till we got almost to the woods. As cows were pastured in those lots, the first thing to be done when we got to the place was to secure our baskets from them, and some of the good boys bore down the limbs of a large oak tree and made places to hang them in safety from the cows, but not from the naughty boys.

This day that we went so early, as we went up through Crooked Lane, so called, the milkmaids came out rubbing open their eyes and gaping to get awake. Some stared in surprise, and those that knew us saluted with "Good morning. You've got an early start. Do you expect to clear the bushes to-day?" But on we went, and just as we entered the lot up peeped the sun, which was very welcome then, as the grass was very wet from a heavy dew during the night. But the day was fearfully warm and tedious, though we persevered in picking, with perspiration dripping from our faces, till our baskets were full, and as we took them down from the tree to go home, my basket was almost empty,—perhaps a teacupful left, or, it's possible, a pint. I am not ashamed to declare that if ever I cried heartily it was then, and iniquity has increased from that day to this, which has now become terrible. Oh, how weary I was in carrying home my empty basket, after toiling through such a severe day, and having nothing to show that I had been industrious.

Such it was during the time of berries. A large class of wicked boys were sent to the woods to pick berries, and only picked what sufficed their appetites, and when time to go home, took what some tired, honest children had gathered. At length we dare not leave the tree; each one stood sentinel in turn, though it wasted much time. Such chaps are more fit for Wethersfield than any other place. They just destroy the happiness of good people, and it seems as if they increase rapidly from year to year, and I might say from month to month, without exaggeration.

Now as to history, so called, I think it may be said with safety of that which is called ancient, except what is found in the Bible, there is great reason to believe that no small

part of it is fabulous ; and as to modern history, there is equal reason to fear that much of it is distorted and discolored. But I can truly say what I have written is from personal knowledge or from confidential authority. No fiction or exaggeration, but facts merely to inform and gratify the youthful generation of the Weld family, as many are entirely ignorant of what I have written.

Please allow me to say it is a serious draft on strength and brain to record so many separate families, together with incidents relating to each family ; but if the pains I have taken gives pleasure to one family friend, it will be an equivalent for the long and tedious task. I have availed myself of very few helps in this writing, knowing back personally of so many family incidents. In presenting to my relatives a few details of the numerous families,—which seem to concern all alike,—I only hope they will be received in kindness, and afford some pleasure to the mind of the reader. But, whatever may be the fate of this unpretending little work, the candid reader will not hesitate to acknowledge the integrity of my motives and credit me with good intentions. What I have written has been with a view of acquainting the different families with each other's trials and pleasures, and if in but one solitary instance I may be assured I have given pleasure, I shall be sweetly rewarded.

There are incidents in life which, however unimportant in themselves, leave an indelible impression on the mind, and which after a series of years will still exist and be green in the recollection. And I comfort myself that these long, tedious hours have not been spent in vain. To trace so many families is more of a task than the reader may imagine.

I will now call attention to the voyage of my kind grandchild (Tip) to Japan, and her marriage after the arrival. It surely is an interesting event in the life of a young girl. I have previously announced that my granddaughter, Maria B. Ward, was firmly engaged to Mr. E. H. R. Manley, and as he had a lucrative offer in business at Japan, he accepted, leaving my dear Tip to come when

he got settled, if he liked it there. At length, being well pleased with his employers and they with him, it was decided for her to go, which required more resolution than the mediocrity of young girls can command. But their strong faith in each other's love and confidence had much to do with the undertaking.

Captain Moore had been there several years, and when he sent for his wife, Maria went with her, though Mr. Manley didn't expect her till the next steamer, but her mother and friends advised her to go without fail, being an intimate friend of Mrs. Moore's. So the child sailed for Yokohama, Japan, on the 21st of April, 1875. The ladies bid adieu to their friends and native shore,—one to meet her husband, the other to be married on board the steamer, and walk off a bride. Wedding dress and trinkets for the occasion were all prepared before leaving New York. As the officers of the steamer had great respect for Captain Moore and Mr. Manley, they gave more attention to Mrs. Moore and Tip on that account.

The steamer was due at Yokohama on Thursday, and the officers hearing the girls' conversation, that they would never be married on Friday, to have a little sport, kept teasing Tip, saying it was doubtful about their getting into port before Friday. Still it was only joking, for it was their intention to be on time. But, sadly for poor Tip, they did not get in until Friday.

Well, as they safely reached the harbor at Yokohama, the next excitement was, "How do I know that Harry is living? Life is so uncertain and death so certain, Harry may be dead and buried."

As it is Mr. Manley's duty to go on board the steamers as soon as they arrive, Tip hastened to her state-room window to watch for Harry, and in a moment saw him come up the gang-plank, as it was termed, and heard his voice in the cabin, and I should not be surprised if she was rather trembling than otherwise. She heard the purser say, "Mr. Manley, Mrs. Moore is on board and has a letter for you." She stepped to her state-room door, saying, "Here is a letter for you, and if you will walk into

my room you will find a package there." As he entered the door she pushed it too, and there stood his own Maria B. Ward. His first words were, "Oh, my God!" and being so overcome with surprise he settled down on to the sofa for a moment, and who can wonder? That may justly be called a surprise, and a happy one.

But she would not be married on that day, being Friday, so Mr. Harry took the two ladies to a hotel, and they roomed together that night. Next day the agent of the line invited them to be married at his own house, and as soon as the ceremony was over he waited on them from the parlor to the dining-room, where there was a table prepared for them in beautiful style, well filled with luxuries of almost every description. As soon as the dinner ceremonies were over, Mr. Manley told Tip she must prepare to take a steamer at four o'clock, as they were invited to go on an excursion. At first she declined, as she was already tired of boating, and only left one day before from a long voyage. But when Mr. Manley told her that the consul and other gentlemen were at the expense for their benefit, common sense told her she must go. The trip took thirty-six hours to go, but she appreciated the attention and respect so highly that it greatly lessened the fatigue.

Now so much attention from the upper class of people would not be manifested to an almost stranger unless his character was superior to ordinary business men. Some may imagine I am boasting, proud of my new grandson, etc., and that I will not deny; but the idea of boasting is far from my thought. I only wish to inform the numerous families of the true character of the man, as but few are acquainted with, and many have never seen, him. So that settles the boasting.

I suppose the couple are as happy as mortals can be this side the great river to which we are all hastening. They are boarding with a first-rate American family, and receive peculiar attention. Not long since I received a choice letter from each of them to that effect. I will now leave them, hoping they will not choose that distant spot for a life-time home.



I must now turn your attention from a scene of happiness to one of sorrow and distress, which is as follows :

Mr. and Mrs. Newman,—formerly Alida Ward,—were here for several weeks last summer, with their four children, viz., Belle Wallace, George Irving, Alida Antoinette and little Mary, four months old. The three eldest were the sweetest little singers I ever heard, and the house was often filled with their childish voices. When Mr. Newman was here, which was only over Sundays, he was seated at the piano, Alida and the children assisting in the singing ; and when little Georgie was tired out, he lay down on the carpet flat on his back, and only struck in with the chorus :

Alleloola! Alleloola! wevive us adain!

Oh, how plainly I can imagine the sound and broken words, but his reign was short. About four weeks after they left here the sad intelligence came that little Georgie was dead. Disease, diphtheria. A few days, perhaps two weeks, the second mournful tidings came that little Nettie had followed her brother to the silent grave, with the same disease. Shortly after came the most severe of all the trials, that Alida and the little lady Belle were both very dangerously sick, and were lying at the point of death. We were prepared to hear of their death at the arrival of every mail, but to our sweet and joyful surprise the crisis was passed, and they were pronounced out of danger.

Wasn't Mr. Newman a happy man then, if never before ? God spared his wife and eldest and youngest child, and had the other two in His special care,—what could he ask for beside ? Mr. Newman is a wonderful man in his family and liberal with his friends. He would not allow it to be treated as a visit when his family were here for a few weeks, but nobly rewarded the expense and labor extra from the family.

My great wonder is, how could Mr. Newman and Mrs. Myers (Alida's mother) escape from the dire disease, being constantly over so many, day and night. That is a silly question, which needs no study for reply, as common sense tells us our kind Father in heaven will carefully protect

and cherish those that He afflicts far beyond their expectations.

I finished speaking of my brothers and sisters, but I have now to record the death and burial of my eldest brother, George Weld. He died on the 2d day of March, 1876, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He had not been confined to the house, had enjoyed comfortable health, but had not felt as well as usual for a few days before he died, though he took his supper and retired as usual, but was not up in the morning, as common. His son George went to his room, and found him in a profound sleep, from which he never awoke. A physician was called, but of no avail. He pronounced it a fit of apoplexy, which took the lonesome man to his heavenly home in a few hours, to meet his two beloved companions and daughter. We cannot wish him back, as he was a Christian man and had long been waiting for his final change to his permanent home, where no changes will ever take place to disturb his happiness. His remains were taken to the Episcopal Church in Guilford, Conn. Service was performed by D. D. Bennett, rector of the church to which he belonged.

George Weld was a peculiar man, very systematic in all his doings, and extremely neat in his habits naturally, whatever he may have done after his mind became impaired and ambition gone. He was singular in some things, and even carried the trait into his grave, as I shall prove by and by. He was an original chap all the way up, and often made sport for us children. Father was often pleased, and would say "that is one of George's notions." But when the subject was investigated, he always had a sensible meaning to his seeming oddity. As for his ingenuity it could not be excelled, and in music he was comical and laughable. He did wish he had a flute like Mr. Titus Hall's, and finally said he could make one, and got a large stick of elder, and actually made a thing that he played tunes on. But soon his elder music was played out, and he made a violin by digging out a thick pine board and glueing on the top. He made screws and bridge and sewing silk strings, and the name of the first tune he played

on it was "The way to Boston." "Well," said father, "that boy deserves a violin beside his own make," and he sent to New York by Captain Joel Griffin, unbeknown to George, and if he was not a happy child, I'm no judge. From that time to the day of his death his violin was held in high estimation. It was never left out of the box over night, and he liked no one to use it but himself.

Now any person of discernment will readily perceive that he was a man of refined taste and uncommon talents, mingled with his singularity, so termed. Had he been a man that had blowed his own horn, as the saying is, he would have stood in an exalted position in the eyes of the world, but he was a man of few words, unassuming, and cared not for applause. Still, his native talents were seldom surpassed, if ever. He was a natural mechanic as well as musician, could execute a job of work in very neat style, and his fine glistening tools, which almost reached around his little snug shop, were each one in precision placed; but all these choice qualifications were forgotten long before he died. Those that had formerly appreciated his talents were dead or past knowing the worth of a man, and the later generations felt themselves far superior to him. He was very sensitive, though a stranger would not observe it, and always grateful for a favor received, let it be ever so small.

The winter before his last wife died he was not able to clear away the deep snows, and a very kind lad, a true neighbor, made it a practice to attend to it. One morning he had occasion to go into the shop, and his attention was called to a very nice looking board, and as he examined it found it as smooth and almost as white as marble, and on it was written, "This board is to lay a dead person on." That was one of his peculiar ideas, but he always had a consistent meaning, which I called a refined taste. As I said before, he took those singular ways to his grave.

As his coffin, which was beautiful, was about to be closed, his son George came into the room and came round to where I was standing, with a little gourd in his hand, the size of a small china tea-cup, and said, "Aunt

Charlotte, this must go into the coffin. Father told me to have it buried with him." I inquired what the contents were, and to my great surprise found it was his teeth. They were all sound, and as they became loose he took them out, and had cleansed them by first boiling them in ashes and water, then in saleratus water, till they were white as snow. He was peculiar, it cannot be denied, and I could usually study out what father called his freaks, but saving his teeth for burial is beyond my comprehension. Had it been his fiddle, (as he often called his violin), the mystery would have not been so deep and strange. But it matters not what his motive was, as he is now in concert with the heavenly choir, and will never more know sorrow or trials, so there I will leave him in care of his God. His Christianity was beyond a doubt.

Now, as I have given all the information I can gather of my family, I will close by saying my granddaughter Catharine H. Blatchley was married to Mr. Nathan Patten on the evening of the 28th of May, 1879, by Rev. J. H. Bliss. They are now happily settled in the City of Middletown, enjoying house-keeping in a wonderful manner, as both prefer it to boarding. May they have long and happy lives, and when called to the other shore, be prepared for the final change.

I am, dear friends,

With the most affectionate regard,

Your faithful servant and friend,

C. WELD FOWLER.

CLINTON, CONN., Feb. 14th, 1876.

[Written at the age of 84-5 years.]

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The following is one of the earliest poems in America. It is in the style of some of the pieces of Richard Baxter, and quite equal to most of the sacred poetry of that period. Rev. Edmund Weld, son of Rev. Thomas Weld, of Roxbury, Mass., graduated at Harvard College in 1650. He went to Ireland after graduation, and was settled in the ministry at Inniskean. He died March 2d, 1668, in

the thirty-ninth year of his age. Contemplating his dissolution as near at hand, he wrote the following dialogue a little before his disease, between

DEATH,  
THE SOUL,  
THE BODY,  
THE WORLD, and  
JESUS CHRIST,

which his widow sent printed in a newspaper to his friends in New England, and is here preserved as a specimen of the poetic taste of that period. This reverend gentleman was great-great-uncle to my dear departed father, who was named in honor of his distinguished ancestor, Edmund Weld.  
C. WELD FOWLER.

(Taken from the Church Chronicle.)

DEATH.

Ho, ho! prepare to go with me,  
For I am sent to summon thee.  
See my commission sealed with blood,  
Who sent me, He will make it good.  
The life of man  
Is but a span,  
Whose slender thread I must divide;  
My name is Death,  
I'll stop thy breath;  
From my arrest thou canst not hide.

SOUL.

Oh, Death! triumph not over me,  
My Saviour's death has conquered thee.  
Man's sin at first did give thee breath,  
Whose exit now must be thy death.  
But yet, through grace,  
So stands the case,  
Harm thou canst not, but only fright;  
Ah! Death, thou'rt dead,  
Broke is thy head,  
Thy sting and strength removed quite.  
But what dost thou think to scare me so,  
Me to assault so like a foe?  
Nay, Death, thy power and all that's thine  
The second covenant made it mine.

Come, let's shake hands,  
 I'll kiss thy bands,  
 'Tis happy news for me to die.  
 What! dost thou think  
 That I will shrink?  
 I'll go to immortality!

Transported is my ravished heart  
 To think now hence I must depart.  
 Long waited I for such a day,  
 Thrice welcome summons, come away.  
 Come, strike the blow,  
 That I may go,  
 Why stay thy chariot wheels so long?  
 To stay 'tis pain,  
 To die 'tis gain,  
 Delay me not, ye do me wrong.

This is my Father's messenger,  
 My King and Bridegroom's harbinger.  
 See here His chariot driving fast,  
 Come to conduct me in all haste.

I'm sick of love  
 For Him above,  
 I grow impatient to be gone,  
 Him for to see  
 Who loved me,  
 That precious, loving, lovely One.

Hadst thou but knocked the other day,  
 I had been forced then to say:  
 "Oh, spare a little, give me space  
 Until I see Thy smiling face;"  
 Because my light  
 Was turned to night,  
 Hid was His face, eclipsed His love,  
 Then inward fears  
 Caused many tears,—  
 Few visits had I from above.

His name forever blessed is,  
 To send at such a time as this.  
 Naught have I now to do but die,  
 And sleep in Jesus quietly.  
 For lately He  
 Refreshed me  
 With sweet embraces from above.  
 I begg'd a smile,

And He meanwhile  
Caused me to understand His love.

## BODY.

And must we part, my dearest mate,  
So many years consociate?  
What makes thee long uncased to be?  
What makes this great disparity?  
    Thou tak'st thy flight  
    To heaven's height,  
To be conjoined with Christ, thy head;  
    But ah! poor I  
    Must rotten lie,  
As one forgot among the dead.

## SOUL.

Companion mine, why blam'st thou me  
Longing to leave mortality?  
My choicest acts have spoiled been  
By such a mass of death and sin;  
    My joys were small,  
    Disturbed by all,  
In thy cold, dark and leaky tent;  
    My duties were  
    Put out of square  
With thine unhandy instrument.  
But Christ shall change thy sinful dust,  
The grave shall rot out all thy rust;  
That body of thine shall fashioned be  
Like to His own in its degree.  
    Yea, though they rot,  
    Yet not one jot  
Of all thy dust shall perish, aye,  
    He in thy sleep  
    Safe will thee keep  
Till trumpet sound shall call away.  
Whose sounds shall cause thee to awake,  
Omnipotency shalt thee take.  
Then to receive so we shall meet,  
And one another kindly greet;  
    Made one again,  
    So to remain  
Embosomed friends in lasting bliss,  
    And never more,  
    as heretofore,  
Do anything that is amiss.

## WORLD.

What's this I hear, guest' so unkind,  
 To thrust me so quite out of mind?  
 Have I so hard a landlord been,  
 As not to value me a pin?

To kick at me  
 Who nourished thee,  
 And so to change old friends for new,  
 Men so unkind  
 I seldom find,—  
 I'll care as little now for you.

## SOUL.

We're well agreed, vain world, farewell;  
 Thy flattering smiles begin to smell;  
 They never did deserve my love,  
 Nor do thy frowns at all me move.

Because my heart  
 Is set apart  
 For things that are of best account.  
 The husk and shell  
 With thee did dwell,  
 My better part did higher mount.

'Twas yonder, yonder, up above  
 Where I did live, converse and love;  
 A stranger here, and strangely used,  
 By thee and thine I was abused.

I'm not thine own,  
 Nor am I known  
 By those of thy ungodly race,  
 And therefore I  
 So cruelly

Was hated in that weary place.

But as for you, my loving friends,  
 My God will make you all amends.  
 Your care and kindness shown to me  
 Shall all by Him rewarded be.

Yourselves hath seen  
 How God hath been  
 Most sweetly gracious unto me.

Live holily,  
 Then when you die,  
 The same to you this God may be.

## JESUS CHRIST.

Welcome to me, my loving bride,



For whom I lived, for whom I died.  
 Nor do I count my heart-blood dear  
 To purchase a possession here.  
     Come, satisfy  
     Both heart and eye  
 With purest joys up to the brim,  
     Here's endless store,  
     What can be more  
 Than in love's ocean aye to swim?  
 Make haste, bring forth the nuptial vest,  
 And let the fatted calf be dressed.  
 Angels and seraphims, come sing,  
 And with your shouts make heaven ring.  
     Come thou possess  
     This blessedness,  
 Prepared before the world was made;  
     And wear the crown  
     With great renown,  
 'Tis honor that shall never fade.

*Copied by Charlotte W. Fowler.*

Since writing the foregoing I have unexpectedly received the origin and lineage of the English branch of the family of Weld. My nephew in New York, M. W. Weld, fortunately met with the Weld history in an ancient library, and had the kindness to send me the following. As I had no foreign information to give in my statements, it is rather amusing to read of Weld knights, cardinals, barons and lords, besides several nuns, which caps the climax.

The family of Weld derives from Edric, surnamed Weld, or Sylvaticus, who was nephew to Edric Duke of Mercia, husband of Edina, daughter of Ethelred.

From him descended William Weld, Sheriff of London, 25, Edward III., who settled at Eaton, county of Chester. He married Ann, daughter of Nicholas de Whitnal, and, with two younger sons who settled in Bucks and Suffield, a son and heir.

William Weld of Eaton, who married Margaret, daughter of William Bostock, and was father of John Weld of Eaton, who married Ellen, daughter of John Bruin of Tarparley, and had a son and successor.

Edward Weld, who married Margaret, daughter of

Thomas Cotgreave of Chustleton, county of Chester, and was succeeded by his son.

John Weld of Eaton, who married Margaret, only daughter and heir of James Boton of Tiverton, county of Devon, and was father of John Weld, who, marrying Joanna, daughter of John Fitz Hugh of Congleton, had three sons, viz.:

I. Robert of Eaton, who married Elenora, daughter of Robert Oldton, of Wetten Hall, and from him sprung the Welds of Eaton.

II. John, who settled at Willey, county of Salop, and was patriarch of the Weld's of that place.

III. Richard of Holt.

IV. Humphrey (Sir). The fourth son, Sir Humphrey Weld, knight, took up his abode at Holdwell, county of Herts. He was sheriff in London in 1599, and Lord Mayor in ten years afterwards. Sir Humphrey married Ann, daughter of Nicholas Wheeler, Esq., and left with two daughters, at his decease in 1610, a son and successor.

Sir John Weld, knight, of Arnolds, county of Middlesex, who married Frances, daughter of William Whitmore, Esq., by whom, who died in 1656, he had issue:

I. Thomas, who died young.

II. Humphrey, his heir.

III. John (Sir) of Compton Bassett, county of Wilts, a knight banneret. This gallant person married, in 1648, Mary, daughter of William Lord Stourton, and dying 11th July, 1674, left an only son, William, who succeeded his uncle Humphrey.

IV. George, who married Bridget, daughter of Thumblethorp, Esq., county of Lincoln, and died in 1696, leaving two daughters: Cicely, married to James Mahony, Viscount of Old Castle, in Spain; Elizabeth, married first to Dickenson, Esq., and secondly to Philip Stafford, Esq.

I. Anne, married to Sir J. Cutts of Childerley.

II. Mary, married to Thomas Allen, Esq., of Finchley.

III. Frances, married to Martin, Esq., county of Buckingham.

IV. Margaret, married to William Bonner, Esq., of Durham Court, Bucks.

Sir John Weld died in 1622, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Humphrey Weld, Esq., of Holdwell. This gentleman was Governor of Portland Castle. He purchased in 1641, from the Howard family, the manor of Sulworth, and divers other extensive estates in the county of Dorsett.

The first possessors of the manor are said to have been the De Lollworths, but the powerful family of the Newburghs held it as early as the reign of John Christian. The sole heiress of Sir Roger Newburgh carried the estate in 1514 to her husband, Sir John Marney, Lord Marney, and her second daughter and eventual heiress.

Elizabeth Marney, marrying Thomas Lord Howard of Bindon, conveyed it, with several other estates in Dorsetshire, amongst which was the manor of Brendon, from the Howards, from whom, as stated above, it was purchased in 1641 by Humphrey Weld.

Humphrey Weld married Clare, youngest daughter of Lord Arundel of Wardour, by whom he had an only daughter, Mary, married to Nicholas Taaffe, Earl of Carlingford.

Mr. Weld died about the year 1684, and was buried in King Henry VII.'s chapel, Westminster. His nephew, William Weld, Esq., succeeded to his estates, and thus became of Sulworth.

This gentleman, in 1672, married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Shireburor, Esq., of Stonyhurst in Lancashire, by whom he had issue :

John, who died young.

Humphrey, his heir.

Mary, who married Nicholas Fairfax, Esq., nephew of Lord Fairfax, and after his decease married Sir Francis Hungate, Baronet. By the latter she had an only daughter, Mary Hungate, who married Sir Edward Gascoigne of Partington.

Mr. Weld died in 1698, and was succeeded by his only surviving son, Humphrey Weld, Esq., of Sulworth Castle,

who married in 1701 Margaret, only daughter of Sir James Simeons, Baronet, of Chilworth, by whom he had issue, Nicholas and James, who both predeceased their father.

Edward, his heir.

Thomas, who assumed the surname of Simeons. He married Mary, daughter of Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton, by whom (who died in 1767) he had an only daughter, Mary Simeons, who took the veil at Bruges, in Flanders.

Mary married in 1728 to Edmund Widdington, Esq., of Horseley, in Northumberland, by whom (who died in 1749) she had an only daughter, Elizabeth Widdington, heiress of her father, who married Thomas Riddle, Esq., of Swinburn Castle, Northumberland. Elizabeth died unmarried in 1791.

Humphrey Weld died in 1722, and was succeeded by his elder surviving son, Edward Weld, Esq., of Sulworth Castle, born in 1705. This gentleman married first in 1727, Catharine Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Lord Aston, of Forfar, but had no issue by that lady. He married secondly in 1740 Mary Theresa, daughter of John Vaughan, Esq., of Courtfield, by whom (who died in 1754) he had Edward, his heir.

John and Joseph, both died young.

Thomas, successor to his brother.

Mary, who became "a Poor Clare" at Aire, in Artois.

"Mr. Weld lived," says Hutchins, "in great credit and hospitality at Sulworth, maintaining a good correspondence and harmony with the neighboring gentry and clergy, nor did difference of opinion create reserve or distance. Although he ever behaved as a peaceful subject, he was ordered into custody in 1745, on account of his name being mentioned in a treasonable anonymous letter, dropped near Poole; but his immediate and honorable discharge is the most convincing proof of his innocence." He died 8th December, 1761, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

Edward Weld, Esq., of Sulworth, born in 1731, married first, in 1763, Juliana, daughter of Robert Lord Petrie, and

married secondly, in 1775, Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq., of Brambridge, county of Hants, but had no issue. He died in 1775, and his widow married Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton whom she survived and afterwards held a distinguished place in society as Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Mr. Weld was succeeded by his only surviving brother, Thomas Weld, Esq., of Sulworth Castle, born 24th August, 1750, who founded the Catholic College at Stonyhurst.

At the demise, issueless, in 1754, of Maria Winiforde Francisca Duchess of Norfolk, who was daughter and heir of Sir Nicholas Sherburne, Baronet, of Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, her aunt, daughter of Richard Sherburne, Esq., of Stonyhurst, who married William Weld, Esq., of Compton Bassett, county of Wilts.

Thomas Weld married, in 1772, Mary, eldest daughter of Sir John Stanley Massey, Stanley, Baronet of Hooton, and had issue:

- I. Thomas, his heir.
- II. Edward, Born 18th December, 1775; died young.
- III. Joseph, now of Sulworth Castle.
- IV. John, born 15th June, 1780; a priest, deceased.
- V. William, born 31st August; died 19th October, 1782.
- VI. Humphrey, of Chidcock, in Dorsetshire, born 21st Sept., 1783, married Christiana Maria, second daughter of Charles VII.

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and has issue:

- I. Charles.
- II. William, in Orders, S. J. D. in India in 1844.
- III. Frederick.
- IV. Edmund.
- I. Eleanora, a nun.
- II. Apollonia.
- III. Christina, a nun.
- IV. Lucy, } Twins.
- V. Amy, }
- VI. James, born 30th April, 1785; married 15th July, 1812.

Juliana Anne, daughter of Robert Edward, tenth Lord Petre, and has issue :

- I. Henry.
- II. Francis, a priest.
- III. Philip, died in 1846.
- I. Anna Maria.
- II. Catharine.
- III. Agnes, a nun.
- IV. Charlotte.

VIII. George of Leagrim Park, in Lancashire, born 28th Sept., 1786, married Maria, daughter of John Serle, Esq., of London, and has issue :

- I. John.
- II. George, Ensign H. M. 22d Regt., died in India, in Nov., 1844.
- III. Arthur.
- IV. Alfred, in Orders, St. J.
- V. Hatter.
- I. Emma.
- II. Georgina.
- III. Maria Theresa.
- IV. Louisa.
- IX. Francis, born 30th September, 1787; died in January, 1788.
- I. Juliana, died unmarried.
- II. Mary Theresa, a nun of the Order of St. Francis Sales.
- III. Catharine Winifred, married in 1800 to William Lord Stourton.
- IV. Elizabeth Mary, married to Charles Bodenham, Esq., of Rothermas, Hertfordshire.
- V. Clare, a nun of the Order of St. Francis Sales.
- VI. Theresa, married to William Vaughan, Esq., of Courtfield, Monmouthshire.

Mr. Weld died in 1810, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas Weld, Esq., of Sulworth Castle, born 22d of January, 1773, who married, in 1796, Lucy, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Clifford, and had an only child.

Mary Lucy married in 1818 Hugh Charles, present

Lord Clifford, of Chudleigh, and died in May, 1831, leaving issue. Upon the decease of his wife, Mr. Weld became a Catholic clergyman, and was soon afterwards promoted to a bishopric. He obtained a cardinal's hat in 1829. His eminence for several years devoted his time and large fortune to the wants and services of the unfortunate, and justly acquired the highest reputation for piety and benevolence. Mr. Weld was the first Englishman who had a seat in the conclave since the Pontificate of Clement IX. He died 10th April, 1837, and was succeeded by his brother, the présent Joseph Weld, Esq., of Sulworth Castle, county of Dorset, and of Pilewell Hauts.

Joseph Weld, Esq., born 27th January, 1777, married, 23d November, 1802, the Hon. Elizabeth Charlotte Stourton, daughter of Charles Philip, sixteenth Lord Stourton, and has issue :

I. Edward Joseph.

II. Thomas, who has assumed the additional surname of Blundell.

III. Joseph.

I. Mary.

II. Mary Anne.

Thus ends the Weld History over the water.

I think the name of Blundell is an inferior name to that of Weld, and unless he gained a large inheritance in changing his name, he was lacking in taste and judgment. That is my opinion.

I have now concluded the Weld History in the old country, and feel greatly relieved, as my task has been too laborious for one of my age. I have recorded the old country history the same as it is in print, but it seems to me cart before the horse all the way through. I presume a hundred years hence our style of language will appear as singular to the future generations as the ancient style now does to us.

In conclusion, I would say to my dear friends, may the blessings of your God ever wait upon you ; may the sun of righteousness shine round your heads, and may the gates of Plenty, Honor and Happiness be ever open to you and yours.

Since I concluded my writing, I am unexpectedly called to record sickness and death in Brother Henry's family. Several weeks ago I received a letter from him saying his wife was in a critical situation, and her recovery doubtful. Of course, I was daily expecting the announcement of her death. At length a letter came, and I exclaimed, "Oh, dear! Eliza is dead!" But on opening the letter, to my great surprise, it was her only son instead. He was violently seized with the dire disease, pneumonia, and lived but four days.

After his mother was taken sick, he never failed going to her room the last thing before going to business to inquire how she was and kiss her good morning. The Friday morning that he was taken sick she told him she was a little better, to which he replied, "I am glad you are; we will get you all right very soon." He bade her good morning and gave her the last kiss she ever received from the lips of her son. He lived until Tuesday, and was a great sufferer until death relieved him.

I was anxiously expecting to hear of the death of his mother, but shortly received a letter from her own hand. I can merely say my joy was full. In truth, I can say I never received a letter that afforded me so much real consolation. I was prepared to hear of Eliza's death, and Henry crushed under the heavy blow; his former cheerfulness turned to gloominess, which was not in his nature, as he is always the same, a happy and cheerful man.

But the contents of the unexpected letter greatly changed my imaginations. She wrote that she was slowly gaining strength, and that she had become quite reconciled to the death of her son, knowing God's ways are just and right, also that her husband had overcome his first burst of grief, went to business as formerly and seemed like himself.

These tidings were very precious to my anxious mind, and there I must leave the afflicted friends until later accounts.

Little did I think when I recorded the birth and marriage of William Weld that I should so soon record his



death: but so it is. He died on the — of January, 1878.  
 No disease, but lingered and died. A deep affliction to  
 his family and surrounding friends.

C. W. F.







